

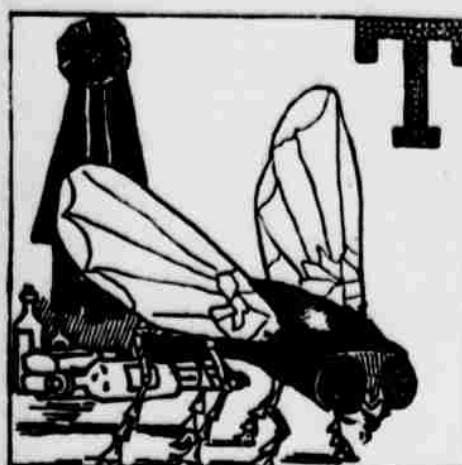
The World.

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THE HARMFUL, UNNECESSARY FLY.



HE fly is a small insect, but a great nuisance. Not only that, but (by spoiling meats and provisions) he is a factor in the high cost of living, a breeder and carrier of disease, and altogether constitutes a civic problem of a peculiarly exasperating and baffling nature. Similar compliments have been paid to the mosquito, but the 'skeet will listen to reason, and in some cases yield a point or two to scientific processes of extermination. For instance, Dr. Doty has successfully demonstrated on Staten Island that by draining swamps, screening rain barrels and preventing stagnant water from standing about it is possible to practically wipe out the mosquito pest from considerable districts. Not so the fly pest. Flies breed wherever there is garbage or animal refuse, and screens, traps, fly-paper and poisons make little or no impression on their numbers. The only hint they will take is absolute cleanliness, and even that is ineffectual until horses shall become extinct. As a Buffalo bard has tersely put it:

"Ten little flies, all in a line,
One got a swat, then there were
Nine little flies grimly sedate,
Licking their chops—Swat! there were
Eight little flies, raising some more—
Swat! swat! swat! Then there were
Four little flies, colored green-blue—
Swat! (It's dead easy) then there were ..
Two little flies dodged the civilian—
Early next day there were a million."

Bacteriologists assert that the 500,000 cases of typhoid in this country annually, and some 50,000 deaths of children from cholera infantum, could be for the most part prevented if the fly plague were conquered.

Those who undertake to put in a good word on the other side of the question (for even the harmful, unnecessary fly has its defenders) point out that while flies undoubtedly breed disease, they do so mainly by transporting the germs on their feet. If there were no germs lying about loose, the fly as an epidemic promoter would be practically put out of business. Therefore, the argument is, our real task should be to hunt up the fly's breeding-place, and if that proves to be also a breeding-place of disease, we should purify it.

Maybe if we were able to kill off all the flies as possible disease-carriers, without attending to the sources of the diseases they may carry, even worse things might happen to us. The decimation of the coyotes on our Western prairies resulted in a plague of gophers. In South Africa, as the mongoose was exterminated, rats and snakes increased and multiplied. When weasels are suppressed, the rabbits get busy and eat up every green thing in sight. Some years ago we imported the English sparrow to destroy the measuring worm—and now we are wondering what measures we should take to rid ourselves of the sparrow pest.



Letters From the People

One Problem and Another.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
There was a problem in alliteration, the answer to which I send: One pound of tea at 40 cents, gain 15 cents; one pound of tea at 45 cents, gain 10 cents. Total gain 25 cents. Offset by loss: One pound of tea at 40 cents, loss 5 cents; one pound of tea at 45 cents, loss 20 cents. Total loss 25 cents. In other words he would use one pound of each priced tea to make a mixture he could sell at 45 cents per pound without loss. I would like to propose this problem to your arithmetical readers: In a billion seconds, how many years, months, days, hours, minutes and seconds? Give the number in United States enumeration of a billion (one thousand millions) and also in the British enumeration of a billion (one million millions). We hear so much about a billion Congress it might be well to let the public considering what a billion really is. S. H. JAMES.

An Englishman's Ideas.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I have read with interest if not with amusement of the various arguments in favor and against the collection of garbage at night. Kindly allow me to present the opinion of a man from Liverpool, England, where municipal ownership is a fact and not a dream. The collection of sweepings in Liverpool was ordered to be done at night. The people protested and the collection during the night was promptly stopped. Perhaps some misguided persons may assume that the people of Liverpool did this because they are selfish, and are not sports. Perhaps they are not, but as on an average the 70,000 population of Liverpool send 45,000 to a football game (every game in their home town) while the Giants, Yale and Harvard imagine they are breaking world's records by having a mere 25,000 at a game of national interest, it may perhaps interest your readers to learn that at a game in England of national in-

terest, such as the final of the English cup competition to decide the winner of the Association League cup, the average attendance is 110,000 paid admissions. To continue my argument in regard to collection of garbage and street sweepings at night, kindly allow me to say that if this plan was a failure, it was in a well based city like Liverpool, which has her salt water (city owned and operated) public baths in every ward, which has her city owned and operated street cars, and which in consequence of city ownership and operation has improved the street car service, bath house service, and in direct consequence of municipal ownership and, more important, municipal operation, has increased the wages while lessening the hours of the city employees; if such a city has found night collection of sweepings to be a failure, I fail to see how New York, great as she is, may find both collection of garbage and street sweepings a success. LIVERPOOL.

Foreign Born Athletes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
It is claimed that Putnam, who competed in the recent games, is an American. Even so, he was trained by British trainers. It was just the same thing when the American team went to Europe for the Olympic games. How many of the competitors were full-blooded Americans? They were in many instances Irish born or their parents were Irish. JACK F.

"How Much?"

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Will you kindly give this problem to your readers: "A man went into three stores and he said to the clerk in each place, 'Give me as much money as I have in my pocket and I will spend \$5 with you.' When he came out of the third and last store all of his money was spent. How much had he when he started out?" EUGENE SULLIVAN, Public School No. 24.

G-o-o-d N-i-g-h-t! By Ferd G. Long

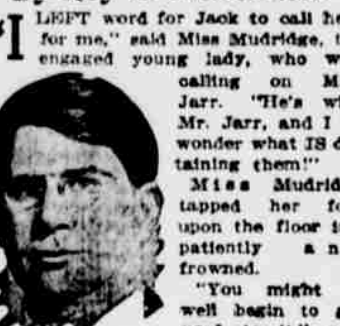
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Mr. Jarr Is Accused of Doing All Sorts of Things To Rescue a Bachelor Friend From Cupid's Snare

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By Roy L. McCardell.



ROY L. MCCARDELL.

LEST word for Jack to call her for me," said Miss Mudridge, the engaged young lady, who was calling on Mrs. Jarr. "It's with Mr. Jarr, and I do wonder what is detaining them!" Miss Mudridge tapped her foot upon the floor impatiently and frowned. "You might as well begin to get used to it," said Mrs. Jarr. "Used to being engaged?" asked Miss Mudridge. "Being engaged was the great and long desired event in her life. "No, getting used to his staying out late," answered Mrs. Jarr. "I think it's dreadfully mean of Mr. Jarr, leading him off this way," remarked Miss Mudridge. "He would never do such a thing if it were not to persuade him."

he is so considerate, so good natured, so anxious to please everybody and make people happy that he can be led anywhere!" "He wants to go," said Mrs. Jarr, finishing the sentence. "Well, you know they have gone to that dreadful Gus's on the corner, and Jack, dear boy, never went to such places in all his life!" whimpered Miss Mudridge. "Nonsense!" said Mrs. Jarr, sharply. "I never wanted Mr. Jarr to go anywhere with Jack Silver. All those bachelors are alike. They have no responsibilities and they scoff at respectable men who have!" "You are my best friend, Mrs. Jarr, but I will not—I CANNOT—permit you to traduce my dear, sweet boy!" said Miss Mudridge, feelingly. "Well, it is no use for you and me to quarrel over the respective moral qualities of either of the men," said Mrs. Jarr, calmly. "I am sure Mr. Jarr will do your fiancé no harm. If he has lived to be a bachelor of thirty or more, I feel sure he knows his way about. All I desire is to see you married and happy."

"I know I will be happy!" said Miss Mudridge, ecstatically. "Who could not be happy with a perfect character like my own dear Jack?" Here Miss Mudridge went through the performance of kissing the engagement solitaire again. Cynthia held that this custom was occasioned by wise virginity tasting the diamond to see if it was alum. "Wait till you are married a year and you may not be so sure of man's angelic nature," said Mrs. Jarr. "But what can we do to get them out of that dreadful Gus's place? Mr. Jarr may entice him to drink," said Miss Mudridge. "Have they a telephone?"

mean, has the place a telephone?" The first idea of a modern young woman is to get on a telephone and enrich the monopoly. "They have no telephone. But it's quite a respectable place, you know," said Mrs. Jarr, rallying to the defense of Gus's establishment for the first time in her life. "Well, I suppose I'll have to put up with it—till we are married, but just let me see Jack Silver go in such a place after I am Mrs. Silver," remarked Miss Mudridge bitterly. "I know a resort in the mountains where poison ivy grows, and the first chance I get I am going to hire a boy to collect a box of it and I'll send it to that man who keeps that saloon!" "Why, I never thought of that!" said Mrs. Jarr with interest. "But then," and her face clouded, "that Gus is a stolid person who would not be interested in the message of Nature's love and charm that a simple wildwood plant would bring. He'd probably give it to the man who sweeps out the place and then laugh at him when the poison ivy had him in a frightful state."

Alfalfa as Air Cooler.

IN the West many of the farmers are planting patches of alfalfa on the south side of their homes. They have found out that a field of growing alfalfa cools the temperature from 10 to 20 degrees on a hot day. Alfalfa is filled with moisture and is death to hot winds, which usually come from the south. For the very opposite reason the farmers do not aim now to plant their wheat on the south side of their homes. Winds passing over wheat stubble after harvest time will raise the temperature from 10 to 20 degrees. Kansas City Journal.

Checkerboard Puzzle.

By Sam Loyd.



OLD Rube Perkins has held the checker championship of his town for over forty years. He spends most of his time down at the general store, and would stop talking politics any time to play draughts. The first game he has lost in years was played the other day and marked the veteran's downfall. For a big-headed youngster from the village school gave the old man such a decisive beating that he swears never to play again. When the youthful prodigy swapped one of his checkers for three of Uncle Rube's and left him with one man against four kings, the old fellow lost his head completely and broke up the game, as shown in the picture. The youngster is still nursing a sore head and wondering if it pays to be so smart, after all. The old village checker-board was broken into eight pieces, and the whole town is now exercised over the puzzle of how to put it together again. The picture shows ten pieces of black-board, the artist having added two extra pieces just for fun. You will find it quite a little puzzle to figure out just which eight pieces belong to the board and which two pieces were thrown in by the artist. Of course, it is not necessary to cut out the pieces to answer the problem—which can be solved by inspection.

Food for the Nerves.

THE doctors tell us that one-twelfth part of the human brain, that is, of its solid matter, is phosphorus. Nerve energy seems somehow to depend upon this element in our food. It is supplied in a measure by fish, but hardly more so than by many other articles of diet—such as beans and peas, milk and eggs, carrots and cabbage, wheat and corn, potatoes and nuts, as well as all kinds of flesh. There are two articles that contain all the elements of nutrition, and both are rich in phosphorus. They are milk and eggs.

STORIES OF FAMOUS PLAYS BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

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No. 14.—OHNET'S "IRON MASTER."

CLAIRE DE BEAULIEU was betrothed to her cousin, the Duke of Bligny. They had been childhood sweethearts and she adored him. During the Duke's absence from France Claire chanced to meet Philippe Derblay, a rich young iron master, whose country estate adjoined her mother's. Derblay fell in love with Claire at sight. But, knowing she was engaged, he made no effort to win her.

Word of a double catastrophe reached the Beaulieus one day. The family fortune had been swept away and the Duke had become engaged to another girl. Beseet by gambling debts that he could not pay, he had accepted help from a vulgar old multimillionaire named Moulinet, and in return had promised to marry the latter's daughter, Athenais. Claire and Athenais had known and hated each other at school. Her dislike for Athenais made the blow doubly hard for Claire to endure. Sooner than pose as a cast-off sweetheart she resolved to save her pride at the expense of her heart. She sent for Derblay.

"Monieur," she said, abruptly, "I am informed you would do me the honor to seek my hand in marriage. All bonds between the Duke of Bligny and myself are forever severed. I am ready to tender you my hand."

Philippe, overjoyed at such marvellous and unexpected good fortune, doubted not for an instant that Claire really loved him. He had no suspicion of the frantic girl's real reason for accepting him.

But, directly after the wedding, Claire told Derblay frankly that she did not care for him, and she let him know exactly why she had become his wife. His first dread horror at the revelation quickly turned into a gust of righteous anger.

"You have sought to buy my liberty," said he. "I give it to you free. I shall never disturb it. You have wrecked all my happiness. All bonds between us are severed. From to-day you exist for me only in name."

Claire's distress brought on a dangerous illness. For a month Derblay tended her night and day. When at length he had nursed her back to life and health, he resumed his attitude of cold aloofness toward her. This rendered her doubly miserable. For now, too late, she knew she loved her husband with all her heart and soul. But nothing she could say or do was able to break down his icy reserve.

Athenais meantime had married the Duke. She and her husband were frequent, if unwelcome, guests at the Derblay house. Athenais quickly saw that something was wrong between Claire and Philippe and that Claire was wretchedly unhappy. Out of sheer malice she tried to add to the lonely wife's misery by flirting with Derblay.

At last Claire could stand the torture and Athenais's spite no longer. Turning to the Duke, in the presence of a party of guests, she exclaimed: "Take your wife away, unless you wish to see her driven from this house!" "You have heard, Mr. what Mrs. Derblay has said," questioned the Duke, going up to Philippe. "Do you assume the responsibility for it or are you prepared to apologize?"

"Whatever my wife sees fit to do," answered Derblay, calmly, "I abide by it." The Duke sent his seconds to Philippe that night, challenging him to mortal combat. Derblay accepted the challenge and prepared to fight a pistol duel with the Duke the following morning. Claire rushed to her husband as he was about to start for the scene of the duel and implored him not to fight. She avowed her love for him, begged his forgiveness, and clung to him, weeping. Gravelly he kissed her on the forehead, freed himself from her embrace and left the room.

By the conditions of the duel, the combatants were to stand back to back, then, at a signal, to walk away from each other. At a second signal they were to halt, turn and fire. The first signal was given. Philippe and the Duke walked away. Just then Claire, unseen, reached the spot. As the command to fire was given, she cast herself in front of Philippe to shield him with her own body.

The Duke's bullet grazed her arm. She fell in a dead faint at her husband's feet. Derblay, in an anguish of remorse, carried her to a moss-covered rock, where he supported her in his arms while the surgeon examined the trifling scratch on her arm. Slowly opening her eyes, Claire met Derblay's anxious gaze and murmured:

"I have died, have I not, my best beloved—died for you? I am in your arms and you smile on me. Death is very sweet. No," she broke off, as a twinge from the wound brought her back to fuller consciousness. "This is pain. I am still alive. Speak! Only one word. Do you love me?" "Oh, I adore you!" cried Philippe, the last barrier of pride swept forever away as he felt Claire's arms about his neck.

The Day's Good Stories

A Valuable Man.

YOUNG Mr. had some rare trouble with his arm, and the celebrated oculist, "Every time he went to bed he would find a good position."

The Spooners.

FOR the fourth time he had said "Good night," but still they lingered on the frosty doorstep. "All decent," he whispered tenderly, staring toward the starlit sky, "the night has a thousand eyes."

The May Manton Fashions



Work Apron—Pattern No. 7088.

SUCH an apron as this is likely to be worn by many women. It suits the artist as well as the housewife. Just as illustrated, with square neck and long sleeves, it is both becoming and practical. But it can be varied in several ways. The low neck can be cut on a round outline or the apron can be made high with a rolled-over collar. The sleeves can be cut off three-quarter length, or can be omitted altogether. The apron is made with front and back. The sleeves are in one piece each, gathered at two bands. For the medium size will be required 12-14 yards of material 36 or 42 inches wide, with 1-3 yard for the trimming. Pattern No. 7088 is cut in sizes for a M. 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure. Now to obtain these patterns, write to BUREAU, Lexington avenue and Twenty-third street, or send by mail to MAY MANTON PATTERN CO., 128 E. Twenty-third street, N. Y. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always specify size wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in hurry.